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FEAR MAGAZINE

THE TOMB OF **DRACULA** LORD OF VAMPIRES!

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I'VE COME
FOR YOU,
FATHER--

--AND I'VE
COME TO
KILL!

YOU!!

FATHER AGAINST
THE DAUGHTER OF THE
SHOCKER OF THE
YEAR. YOU WON'T
WANT TO MISS
THIS ONE!

"AT LONG LAST: LILITH!"

Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die*. Today, Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing, and Blade, the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

ANOTHER CLASSIC TALE OF FEAR PRESENTED BY THE *INCREDIBLE TEAM SUPREME*:
MARV WOLFMAN • GENE COLAN • TOM PALMER • John Costanza • Francoise Mouly • Jim Shooter
WRITER/EDITOR ILLUSTRATORS LETTERER COLORIST CONSULTING ED.

GREENWICH
VILLAGE...

AT LONG LAST

LILITH!

SOMEHOW HE KNOWS HIS DAUGHTER IS HERE, LOST IN THIS CROWD OF ART-LOVERS.
HOW HE KNOWS IS UNIMPORTANT... ACCEPT THE TRUTH OF THE STATEMENT.

BUT THE RUB OF
IT ALL IS-- HE
WOULDN'T KNOW
HIS DAUGHTER IF
HE TRIPPED RIGHT
OVER HER.

AFTER ALL, LILITH HAS THE UNCANNY POWER TO
LIVE IN A HOST BODY... AND SHE COULD BE ANYONE
IN THIS TEEMING CROWD... ANYONE AT ALL.



NERVOUSLY, HE GLANCES ABOUT HIM--WHERE IN HELL IS SHE?
WHO IS SHE THESE DAYS...?

AND MORE, HE IS
FORCED TO ASK HIM-
SELF ONE PAINFUL
QUESTION: WILL SHE
WILLINGLY HELP HIM IF
HE ACTUALLY FINDS HER?

HIS NECK HAIRS BRISTLE IN WARNING. A
STRANGE QUEASY FEELING
OVERWHELMS HIM.

THAT GIRL-- --I...I ALMOST
FEEL A STRANGE
SENSATION EMAN-
ATING FROM HER.

THAT'S
REALLY
LOVELY,
HON, BUT
ARE YOU
SURE WE
CAN
AFFORD
IT?

COULD SHE BE MY
DAUGHTER? COULD SHE
BE LILITH?

ANGEL, IF YOU DIG
IT, I'LL FIND A
WAY--BELIEVE
ME.

ANYTHING TO
MAKE THE LITTLE
MOTHER-TO-BE
FEEL RIGHT AT
HOME.

THE GIRL
IS HAVING
A CHILD?

SHE COULDN'T
BE LILITH...

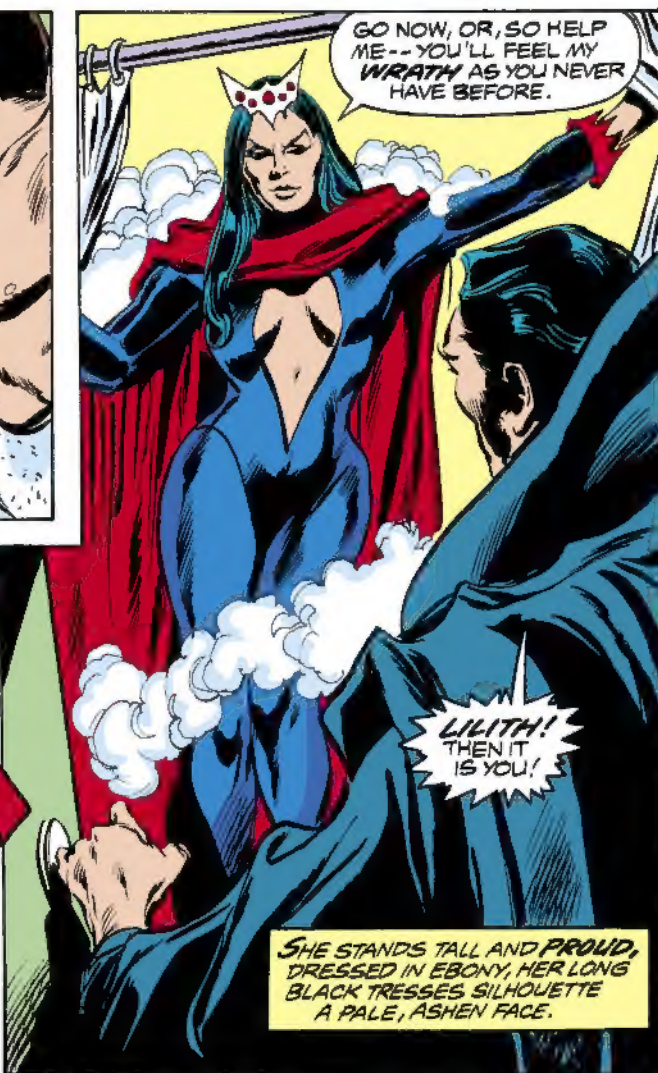
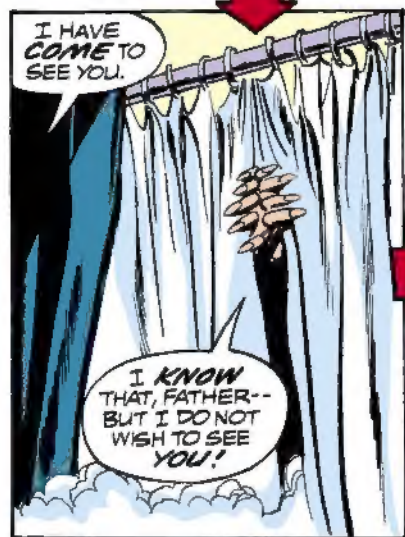
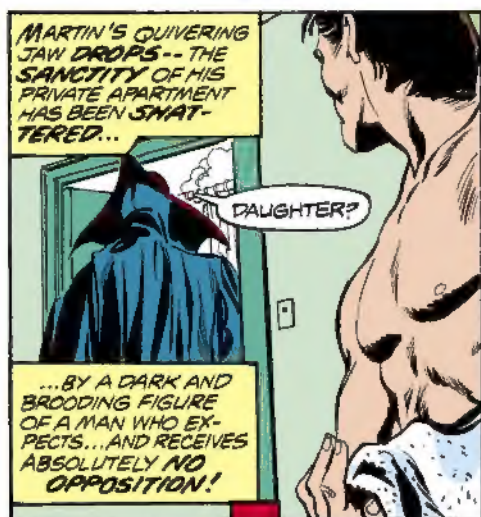
YET, I
HAD BEST
INVESTIGATE...

...THERE
IS SOME-
THING
ABOUT
HER THAT
MAKES ME
WONDER...

DRACULA CANNOT EXPLAIN THE
STRANGE SENSATIONS HE FEELS... BUT,
AS WE PREVIOUSLY STATED... THAT IS
UNIMPORTANT...

...FOR
NOW.







KNOWING HE IS HELPLESS, SHE PLAYS WITH HIM. AS HE PUSHES PAST THE FLUTTERING BAT-WINGS, SHE ALLOWS HIM TO RUN TO FREEDOM...

BUT ALWAYS SHE HOVERS CLOSE TO HIM--

-- ALLOWING HIS HOPES TO RISE --

-- ONLY TO CRUELLY DASH THEM WITH THE TIP OF A SHARP POINTED CLAW.

DAMN YOU, LILITH! I SOUGHT OUT YOU FOR YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE I WOULD ALLOW TO RETURN MY VAMPIRE POWERS--

-- I THOUGHT OF ALL THE UNDEAD, ONLY YOU HAD THAT RIGHTFUL HERITAGE!

BUT NOW THE YEARS OF TRUCE BETWEEN US ARE OVER!

AND I SWEAR TO YOU, DAUGHTER-- I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR EVERYTHING YOU HAVE DONE.

ACROSS THE STREET, AROUND A WINDING CORNER, THE CHERRY LANE THEATRE STANDS PROUD...

YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO TAKE ME TO A PLAY...

IS THIS DREARY THEATRE A JOKE?

UHH, DARLENE, LOOK, I PROMISE I'LL GET YOU A PART IN MY MOVIE-- BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THIS...

I GOT A FREE TICKET FROM THIS GUY I MET AT A COMIC BOOK COMPANY I OCCASIONALLY SELL IDEAS TO

HE CO-WROTE, CO-PRODUCED, CO-EVERYTHINGED IT.

SMALL, TINY HAROLD, I WENT OUT WITH YOU BECAUSE YOU KEPT PESTERING ME--

PUH-LEASE DO NOT INSULT ME WITH THAT LINE ABOUT CASTING ME IN YOUR MOVIE.

FIGGERS I'D GO OUT WITH THE ONLY STARLET WHO NEVER HEARD OF THE CASTING COUCH.

OH WELL, C'MON, DARLENE, I'M SURE YOU'LL LOVE THIS SHOW. IT'S GOTTEN FANTASTIC REVIEWS...



BESIDES, I HAD AN ACTUAL RUN-IN WITH THE, AHEM, **REAL DRAC** A FEW MONTHS BACK. IT WAS IN BOST--

SPARE ME THE DETAILS, PUH-LEASE, AND LET US GET ON WITH THIS... **FIASCO**.



WHY, DAHLING... **WAY** DO I ALLOW MYSELF TO GET **INVOLVED** LIKE THIS?

I GAVE UP **CHARITY WORK** CENTURIES AGO.

HAROLD, LITTLE ONE--

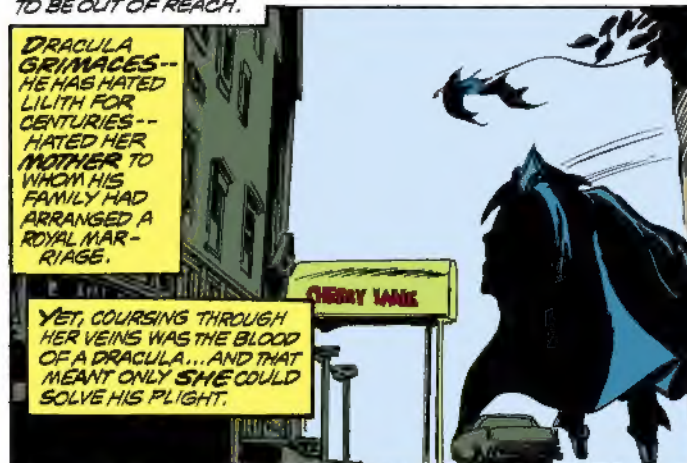
YES, DARLENE?

YOUR HAND, HAROLD...

YES, DARLENE?

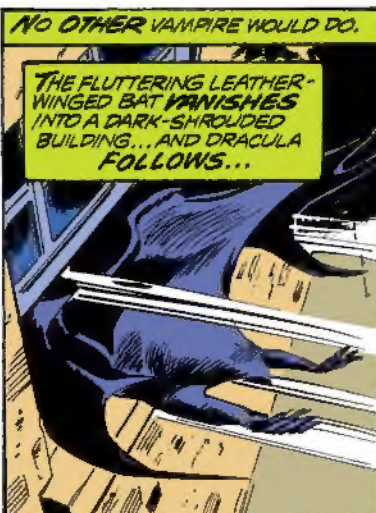
REMOVE IT, DAHLING, OR YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF SINGING SOPRANO!

THE BAT IS A **TAUNTING** SIGHT; IT CURLS THROUGH THE AIR JUST **SLOW** ENOUGH TO BE FOLLOWED, JUST **HIGH** ENOUGH TO BE OUT OF REACH.



DRACULA GRIMACES-- HE HAS HATED LILITH FOR CENTURIES-- HATED HER **MOTHER** TO WHOM HIS FAMILY HAD ARRANGED A ROYAL MARRIAGE.

YET, COURSING THROUGH HER VEINS WAS THE BLOOD OF A DRACULA... AND THAT MEANT ONLY **SHE** COULD SOLVE HIS FLIGHT.



NO OTHER VAMPIRE WOULD DO.

THE FLUTTERING LEATHER-WINGED BAT **VANISHES** INTO A DARK-SHROUDED BUILDING... AND DRACULA **FOLLOWS...**

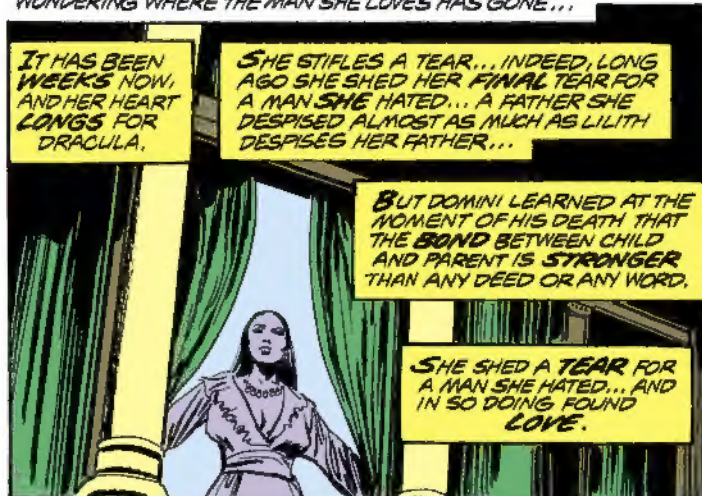


A **PLAY** ABOUT ME? IS THIS ANOTHER ABSURD VERSION OF THAT INFERNAL **NOVEL** BY STOKER?

PASSION OF DRACULA

DAMN THAT MAN-- HE STOLE MY **DIARY**-- THEN CURSED ME TO PLAY THE ROLE OF A STAGE BUFFOON.

IN BOSTON, A LONELY WOMAN STARES SILENTLY INTO THE NIGHT, WONDERING WHERE THE MAN SHE LOVES HAS GONE...



IT HAS BEEN **WEEKS** NOW, AND HER HEART **LONGS** FOR DRACULA.

SHE STIFLES A TEAR... INDEED, LONG AGO SHE SHED HER **FINAL** TEAR FOR A MAN **SHE** HATED... A FATHER SHE DESPISED ALMOST AS MUCH AS LILITH DESPISED HER FATHER...

BUT DOMINI LEARNED AT THE MOMENT OF HIS DEATH THAT THE **BOND** BETWEEN CHILD AND PARENT IS **STRONGER** THAN ANY DEED OR ANY WORD.

SHE SHED A **TEAR** FOR A MAN SHE HATED... AND IN SO DOING FOUND **LOVE**.

HER FACE SHOWS THE AGE SHE HAS ACQUIRED THESE PAST MONTHS-- AND YET SHE CARRIES THE LINES OF WORRY WELL INDEED...



ESPECIALLY WHEN ONE CONSIDERS THAT HER HUSBAND WAS ONCE LORD OF VAMPIRES...

... AND THEIR SON IS-- DARE SHE BELIEVE IT-- AN ANGEL...

MOTHER... HOW ARE YOU? YOU LOOK TIRED.



I AM, DEAR JANUS... TIRED, WORRIED, AND TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED.

ARE YOU STILL HUNTING FOR YOUR FATHER?

NO. HE WILL COME TO ME.

AND THEN YOU WILL KILL HIM?



AGAIN... NO. IT ISN'T TIME... NOT YET, AT LEAST.

HE HAS A LESSON TO LEARN.

LORD... LORD... THIS ISN'T THE WAY IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE, JANUS.

ON THE CONTRARY, MOTHER-- IT IS PRECISELY THE WAY IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN...

SOMETIMES EVEN A GOD MAY BE WRONG, JANUS.

DRACULA IS MY HUSBAND... AND I WANT HIM BESIDE ME... FOR ME TO COMFORT... AND TO BE COMFORTED IN TURN.

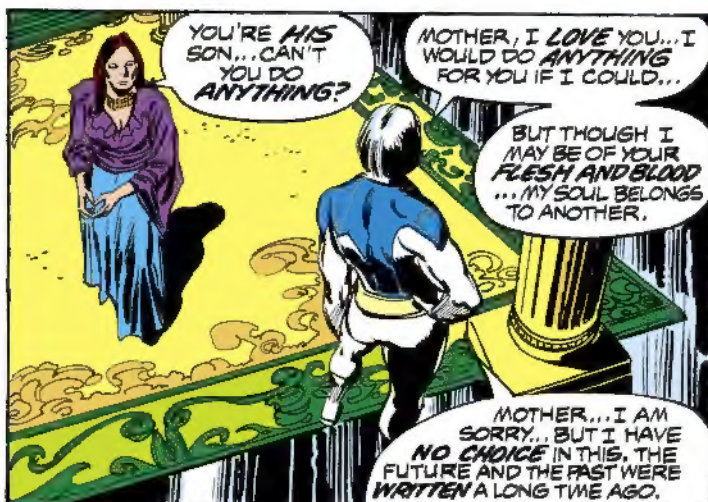


IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK FOR, JANUS?

YOU'RE HIS SON... CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING?

MOTHER, I LOVE YOU... I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR YOU IF I COULD...

BUT THOUGH I MAY BE OF YOUR FLESH AND BLOOD... MY SOUL BELONGS TO ANOTHER.



MOTHER... I AM SORRY... BUT I HAVE NO CHOICE IN THIS. THE FUTURE AND THE PAST WERE WRITTEN A LONG TIME AGO.

THE CHERRY LANE THEATRE COMES ALIVE EACH NIGHT WITH A DARK AND DEEP GROWL...

NOW, BY MY POWER OF MOST DREAD BLACK, BY BONDS OF BLOOD YOUR SOUL SHALL CLEAVE TO MINE--

-- MY COVENANT SEALS YOU WIFE TO MY DESIRE, MISTRESS ETERNAL OF THE VAULTS OF NIGHT.

YOU *MUST* BE KIDDING, HAROLD-- DRACULA IS SO... SO HOKEY!

ONLY BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T MET THE *REAL* DRAC, PRETTY LADY.

BELIEVE ME, HOKEY IS *NOT* SOMETHING YOU'D WANNA CALL HIM TO HIS FACE.

YOURS IS THE WISDOM OF A PETTY LIFETIME MINE IS THE *WORK OF CENTURIES*. I SHALL RETURN TO CLAIM MY BRIDE, AND WHEN I DO, NOT ONE OF YOU WILL REMAIN ALIVE...

LOOK, IT'S A GLOWING BAT. WONDER HOW THEY PULL OFF THAT STUNT.

THE ACTOR FLINGS UP ONE ARM AND A TREMENDOUS WIND FILLS THE STAGE, THE *LIGHTS* BLACK OUT, AND...

IT'S NOT LIKE IT'S TRICK PHOTO-- HEY! WAITA SEC-- I--I DON'T LIKE THIS CREEPY, CRAWLY FEELING I'M STARTIN' TA GET--

MAYBE THAT WHITE BAT'S AN EFFECT OF SOME KIND--

--BUT NO ONE CAN ANIMATE A STAGE BAT LIKE THIS GRUESOME THING.

IT'S GOTTA BE REAL!

AS REAL, PERHAPS, AS THE DARK FURTIVE FIGURE WHO SCURRIES ON STAGE BOWLING OVER A VERY SURPRISED ACTOR...

LILITH! I DEMAND THAT YOU APPEAR BEFORE ME.

YOU ARE IN NO POSITION TO DEMAND MUCH OF ANYTHING, FATHER.

FOR MORE THAN FIVE CENTURIES I'VE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT-- WAITED TO CASH BACK AT YOU FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE

BUT FIRST, DEAR, SWEET, FATHER-- I'M GOING TO MAKE THE REST OF YOUR LIFE MISERABLE!

MINNIE, YOU RECALL THIS HERE AS BEIN' IN THAT BELA LUGOSI MOVIE WE SAW AT THE ROXIE?

SURE DON'T, MICKEY, BUT YOU KNOW THESE NEW YORK PEOPLE-- THEY ALWAYS GOT TO TAMPER WITH THE CLASSICS, I SAY.

CEASE YOUR ACTIONS, LILITH! I AM STILL YOUR FATHER!

HOW DARE YOU--

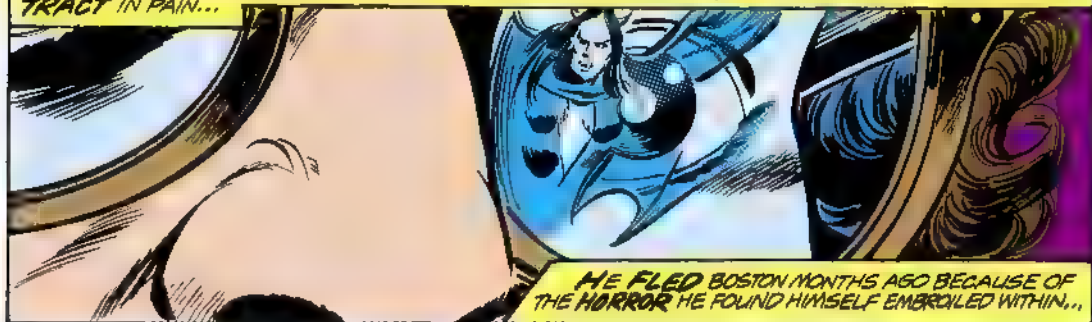
HOW DARE YOU, FATHER?

YOU'VE SHUNTED ME AWAY THESE PAST CENTURIES... YOU'VE HAD YOUR MINDLESS LESSON WATCH ME... ANNOY ME--

--INTERFERE WITH ALL MY PLANS!

BUT NO MORE, FATHER-- NO MORE!

FROM THE AUDIENCE, HAROLD H. HAROLD, WRITER-EXTRAORDINAIRE, FINDS HIS STOMACH SUDDENLY CONTRACT IN PAIN...



HE FLED BOSTON MONTHS AGO BECAUSE OF THE HORROR HE FOUND HIMSELF EMBROILED WITHIN...



...AND NOW, HERE IN NEW YORK... IT IS BEGINNING AGAIN!

IF *THIS* IS WHAT YOU CALL ENTERTAINMENT, HAROLD--YOU ARE MORE LUDICROUS THAN I THOUGHT POSSIBLE.

DON'T BOTHER CALLING ME AGAIN...

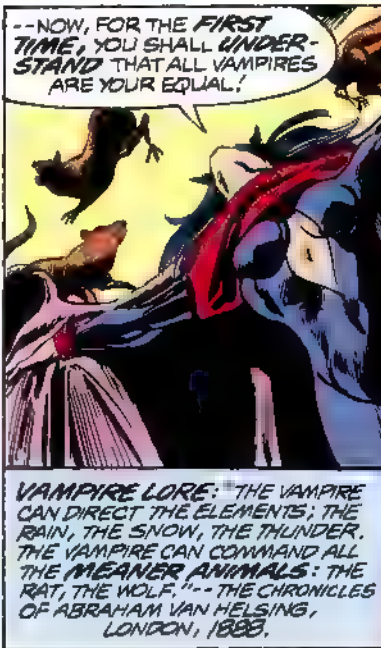
BUT, DARLENE, PLEASE DON'T GO-- THIS *ISN'T* SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN.

M-MICKEY, I TOLD YOU I WANTED TO SEE "ANNIE!"

WELL, WHAT DID I KNOW, MINNIE? I THOUGHT "THE PASSION OF DRACULA" WAS A LOVE STORY... LIKE THE ONE WITH ALI MCGRAW!



YOU HAVE BEEN LORD AND MASTER OF VAMPIRES FOR TOO LONG--



--NOW, FOR THE *FIRST TIME*, YOU SHALL UNDERSTAND THAT ALL VAMPIRES ARE YOUR EQUAL!

VAMPIRE LORE: "THE VAMPIRE CAN DIRECT THE ELEMENTS; THE RAIN, THE SNOW, THE THUNDER. THE VAMPIRE CAN COMMAND ALL THE *MEANER ANIMALS*: THE RAT, THE WOLF."--THE CHRONICLES OF ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, LONDON, 1898.

THE VERMIN LEAP ATOP DRACULA WITH FEROCIOUS INTENT, THEIR EYES GLEAMING RED WITH HATE, THEIR FANGS GLISTENING WHITE WITH HUNGRY ANTICIPATION...

DRACULA DESPERATELY TRIES TO SHAKE LOOSE THESE CREATURES HE HAD ONCE COMMANDED... BUT THEY ARE EVERYWHERE...



WARM BLOOD SPILLS OVER HIS FACE, COATS HIS FINGERS--HE IS LOSING HIS STRUGGLE... AND DRACULA KNOWS IT.

I--I DON'T BELIEVE IT--THAT OTHER ONE MUST BE LILITH--HE'S TALKED ABOUT HER--

BUT WHY ISN'T DRAC DOING ANYTHING TO SAVE HIMSELF?



COME TO THINK OF IT, WHY AREN'T I DOING ANYTHING TO SAVE MYSELF?

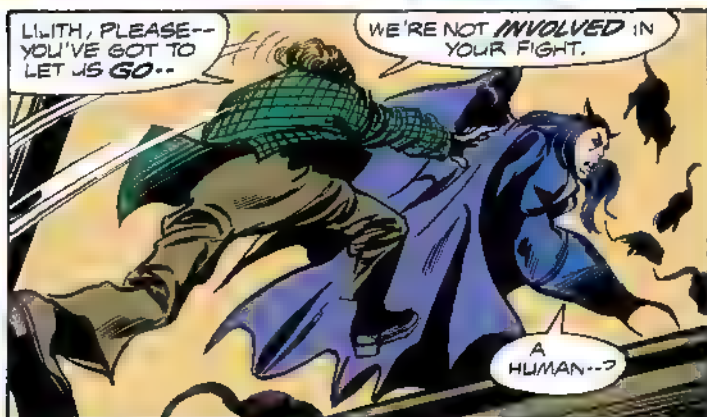
OOPS! CAN'T GET THROUGH THE CROWD... THEY'RE ALL PANICKING... RUNNING OVER ME!

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS-- I GOT OUT OF BOSTON TO BE SAFE, AND NOW I'M RIGHT BACK INTO THE THICK OF IT ALL.



LILITH, PLEASE-- YOU'VE GOT TO LET US GO--

WE'RE NOT INVOLVED IN YOUR FIGHT.

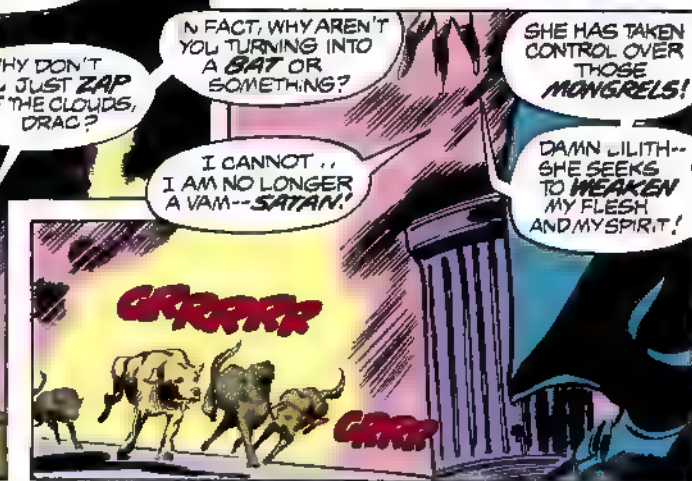
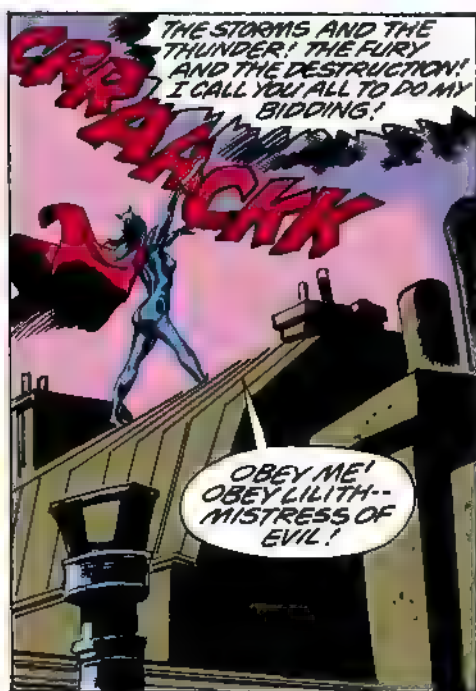
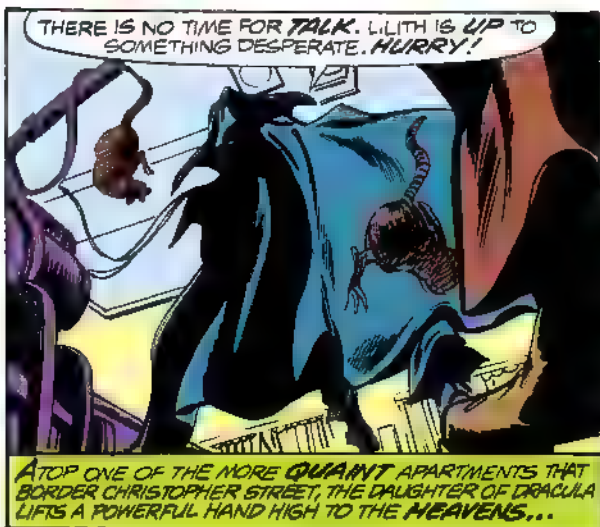


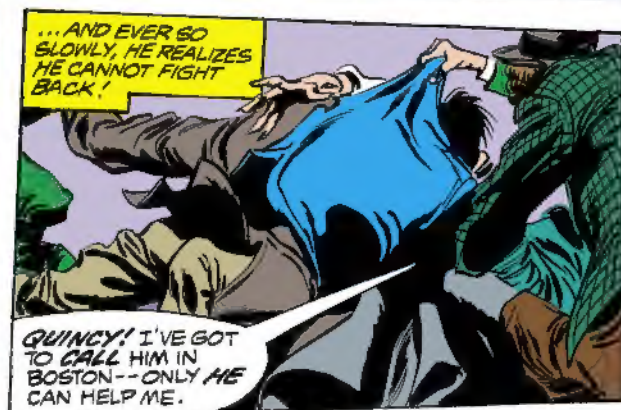
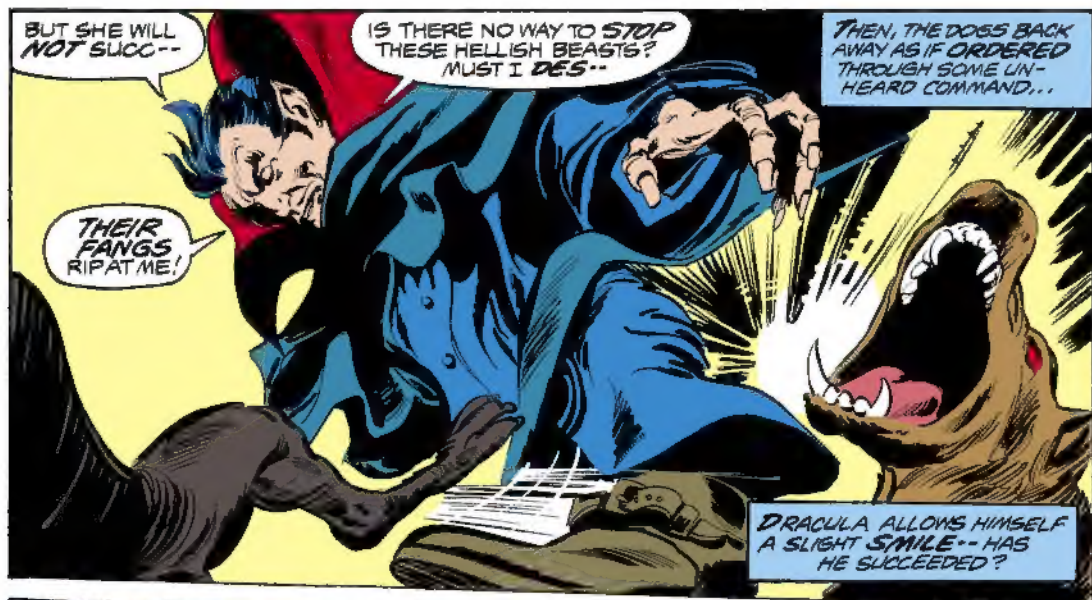
A HUMAN--?



GET AWAY FROM ME-- I HAVEN'T THE TIME TO WASTE ON YOU!

IF YOU FALL INTO MY WAVE OF DESTRUCTION-- I AM NOT RESPONSIBLE!







...ANYWAY I THINK I'M GONNA TAKE IN A--

PHONE CALL AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?



FRANK DRAKE SPEAK --OH, HI, HAROLD-- WHAT'RE YOU UP TO, LITTLE BUDDY?

DRACULA? WHERE?



YOU HEARD, HAROLD FOUND DRACULA--DOWN-TOWN-- ALSO SOMETHING ABOUT HIS DAUGHTER, LILITH.

THEN WE MUST HASTEN. THIS COULD BE DANGEROUS!

THE GREENWICH VILLAGE STREETS ROAR WITH THE PADDING OF DOGS SCURRYING INTO THE DISTANCE AND THEN IT COMES ALIVE WITH THE HARSH GLUTTERAL CRACK OF LIGHTNING...



YOU WON'T SUCCEED IN DESTROYING ME, LILITH.

DO YOU HEAR ME!

BUT LILITH THE TEMPTRESS CAN ONLY LAUGH IN RESPONSE. SHE HOLDS THE UPPER HAND... AND SHE WILL NOT RELINQUISH THE POWER SHE NOW COVETS.



BAH! ALL MY SHOUTING IS MEANINGLESS. THERE IS NO WAY FOR ME-- A MERE MORTAL-- TO BATTLE HER.

DAMNATION! IF I HAD BUT A FRACTION OF MY FORMER POWER-- SHE WOULD BE LITTLE MORE THAN ASHES...



HEY, YOU OKAY? YOU LOOK KINDA SPACED OUT. YOU OUGHTTA--

BUT I AM VIRTUALLY POWERLESS... VIRTUALLY--

I AM NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR OPINION-- OR YOUR ADVICE.



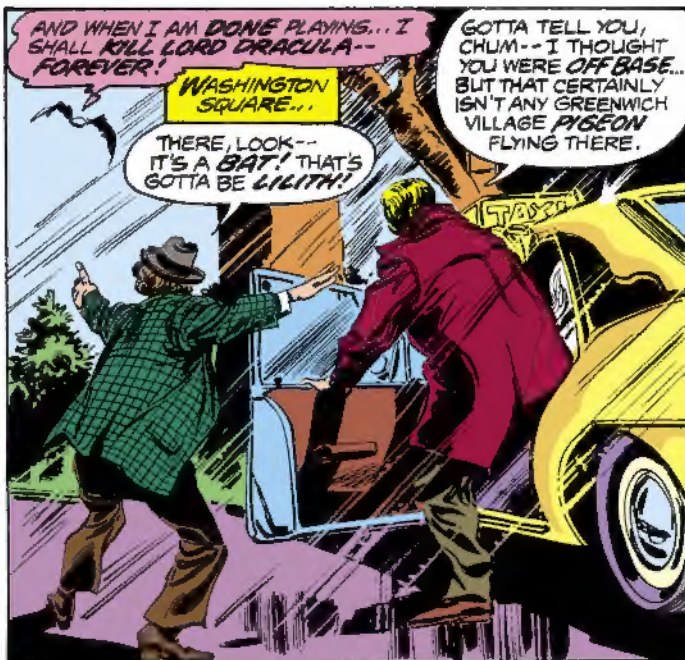
BUT I SHOULD LEAVE THESE PREMISES IF I AM TO SURVIVE.

ALAN GREENE PULLS UP HIS COLLAR AND CONTINUES HIS LONELY BEAT. THIS IS GREENWICH VILLAGE, HE REMINDS HIMSELF... YOU MEET ALL KINDS OF WEIRDOS HERE... ALL KINDS.



LOOK AT THE FOOL **RUN--** WELL, **LET HIM!**

WHEREVER HE GOES, I SHALL **FIND HIM.**



AND WHEN I AM DONE PLAYING... I SHALL **KILL LORD DRACULA-- FOREVER!**

WASHINGTON SQUARE...

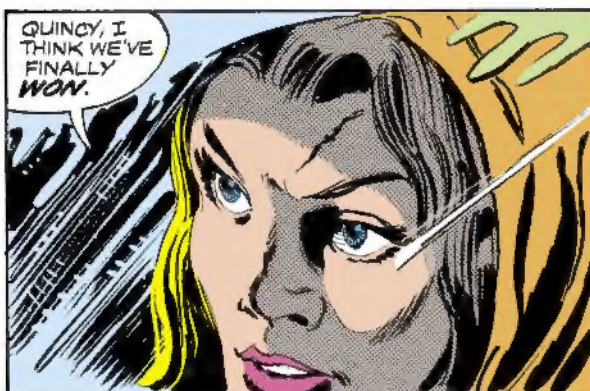
THERE, LOOK-- IT'S A **BAT!** THAT'S GOTTA BE **LILITH!**

GOTTA TELL YOU, CHUM-- I THOUGHT YOU WERE **OFF BASE...** BUT THAT CERTAINLY ISN'T ANY GREENWICH VILLAGE **PIGEON** FLYING THERE.

AND IF YOU'RE SURE **DRACULA** IS NEARBY, THAT MEANS WE MAY FINALLY HAVE HIM **CORNERED.**

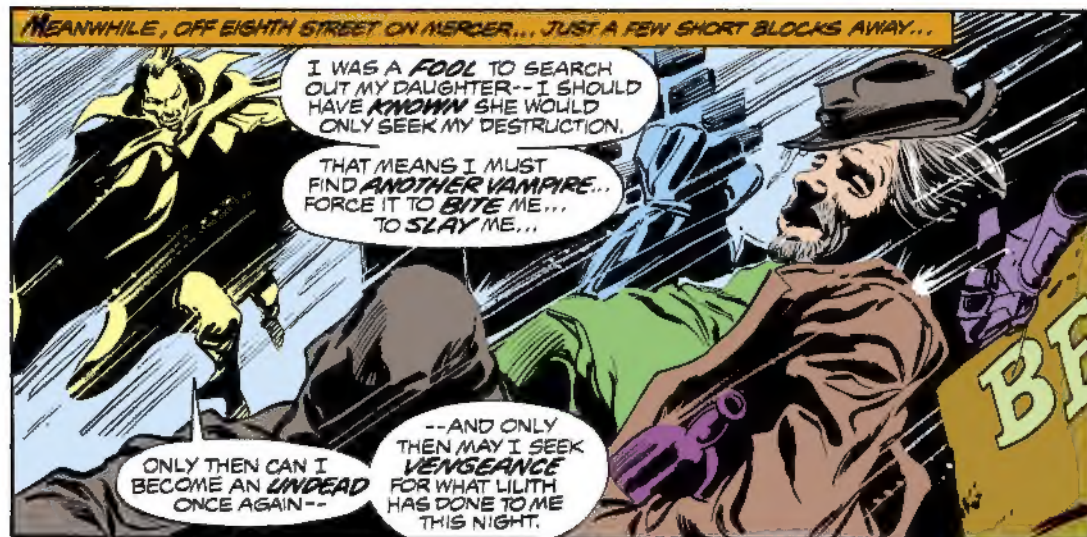


WITHOUT HIS POWERS, HE **WON'T** BE ABLE TO ESCAPE US AGAIN.



QUINCY, I THINK WE'VE FINALLY **WON.**

MEANWHILE, OFF EIGHTH STREET ON MERCER... JUST A FEW SHORT BLOCKS AWAY...



I WAS A **FOOL** TO SEARCH OUT MY DAUGHTER-- I SHOULD HAVE **KNOWN** SHE WOULD ONLY SEEK MY DESTRUCTION.

THAT MEANS I MUST FIND **ANOTHER VAMPIRE...** FORCE IT TO **BITE ME...** TO **SLAY ME...**

ONLY THEN CAN I BECOME AN **UNDEAD** ONCE AGAIN--

--AND ONLY THEN MAY I SEEK **VENGEANCE** FOR WHAT **LILITH** HAS DONE TO ME THIS NIGHT.

BUT, WHEN DRACULA BRUSHES PAST HIM...



...UHH, HHHEY, MISTER... YOU GOT ANY **MONEY** FOR A BOTT--

TUCKED IN AN ALLEYWAY BETWEEN TWO HIGH-RISE APARTMENTS, **HOBIE LEVITZ** LIES SLEEPING OFF TWO BOTTLES OF INCREDIBLY **CHEAP** WHISKEY...

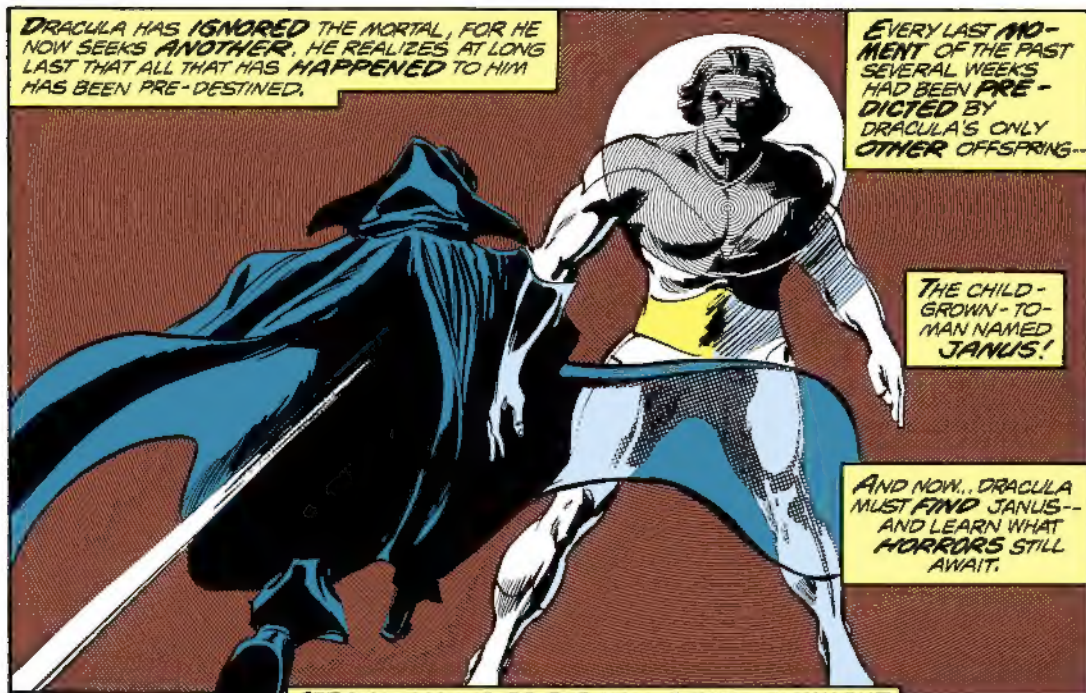


MISTER... YOUR **FACE**... IT'S **BLEEDING**... **CRIPES!**

IT LOOKS ALL **TORN UP.**

KEEP YOUR MONEY, MISTER... YOU NEED IT **MORE** THAN OL' **HOBIE** DOES.

DRACULA HAS IGNORED THE MORTAL, FOR HE NOW SEEKS ANOTHER. HE REALIZES AT LONG LAST THAT ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIM HAS BEEN PRE-DESTINED.



EVERY LAST MOMENT OF THE PAST SEVERAL WEEKS HAD BEEN PRE-DICTED BY DRACULA'S ONLY OTHER OFFSPRING--

THE CHILD-GROWN-TO-MAN NAMED JANUS!

AND NOW... DRACULA MUST FIND JANUS-- AND LEARN WHAT HORRORS STILL AWAIT.

SPECIAL THANKS TO BOB HALL & DAVID RICHMOND, AUTHORS OF **THE PASSION OF DRACULA.**

NEXT ISSUE:

RETURN TO TRANSYLVANIA!

WHAT HAPPENS THERE MAKES EVERYTHING ELSE LOOK LIKE NURSERY SCHOOL!